the sunshine that comes to me. I am longing to have you back, but would on no account have had you miss the opportunities that the summer has given you. I sent you the photo's of Pres. Gilman and Prof. Gill. I acknowledged the receipt of the pamphlet and sent thanks. I cannot find the letter you request from Atlantic Monthly, though I spent nearly all the evening looking. Rec. photo's of old house. Many thanks. Is there a peach tree close to that porch. I have heard Mother tell how she planted one herself right by the porch. It was an "Old Mixon Cling". Buy some views of Farmington and vicinity if you can. I'll pay for them. I'll send some pampas plumes and strong flowers in a few days which you may divide between Cousin Maria and Mrs. Fessenden. Wish I could afford to send you some grapes.

Niles Sep. 24. 79.

Dear Millie

Your letter of Sep. 15th rec. I am so glad you had an opportunity for a conversation with President Gilman. Bless the man for his bright hopeful views. May it do you good. I have been feeling for some time that the thing most in your way in life was the lack of that very quality, and I have been compelled to feel that I was somewhat to blame for that. I think it is in your way as a writer. One Mrs Piatt is sufficient for one age and language. I hope when you come back that I shall be a help and not a hindrance

to you. I feel one great weight
off my mind now that Charlie
seems really to have got a
foothold. As you know I
have always felt a great
anxiety as to his future,
but now his way seems
clear and his prospects
bright, and he has paid
up everything and opened
a bank account. He is bright
and cheerful and hopeful
and it is vastly different
from having to hold him
up and cheer him up. If
only you too can gain a
footing I do not see why
we may not be cheerful.
As for business matters
they are certainly better
than for some time. If
all the money due the Mining
can be collected, there will
be something left to divide
at the end of the year, and
in the mean time we are
paying some of the old
debts and making no new
ones. There are moments
when memories of those
who are gone sweep over
me and I cry out in my
heart, It is more than I can
bear" and I feel as if I
must give up, but strength
is given and I am able
to give thanks for the dear
ones that are left and trust
yes cheerfully trust that
I shall some time have
them all again. Meantime
I know I am doing as they
would have me do when
I make the most of all